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Matrimonial Bliss.

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15	An Unhappy Pair, ethiopian farce, 1 act, by G. W. H. Griffin	1	1
65	An Unwelcome Return, com. intl'd, 1 act, by George A. Munson	3	1
31	A Pet of the Public, farce, 1 act, by Edward Sterling	4	2
21	A Romantic Attachment, comedietta, 1 act, by Arthur Wood	3	3
43	Arrah DeBaugh, drama, 5 acts, by F. C. Kinnamau	7	5
123	A Thrilling Item, farce, 1 act, by Newton Chisnel	2	1
73	At Last, temperance drama, 3 acts, by G. C. Vantrot	7	1
20	A Ticket of Leave, farce, 1 act, by Watts Phillips	3	2
125	Auld Robin Gray, emo. drama, 5 acts, Malcolm Stuart Taylor, 25 cents	13	3
100	Aurora Floyd, drama, 2 acts, by W. E. Suter	7	3
89	Beauty of Lyons, dom. drama, 3 acts, by W. T. Moncrieff	11	2
8	Better Half, comedietta, 1 act, by T. J. Williams	5	2
98	Black Statue, ethiopian farce, 1 act, by C. White	3	2
113	Bill Detrick, melodrama, 3 acts, by A. Newton Field	6	4
86	Black vs. White, farce, 1 act, by George S. Vautrot	4	2
14	Brigands of Calabria, rom. drama, 1 act, W. E. Suter	6	1
22	Captain Smith, farce, 1 act, by E. Berrie	3	3
84	Check will Win, farce, 1 act, by W. E. Suter	3	0
40	Der two Surprises, Dutch farce, 1 act, by M. A. D. Clifton	1	1
72	Deuce is in Him, farce, 1 act, by R. J. Raymond	5	1
19	Did I Dream it? farce, 1 act, by J. P. Wooler	4	3
42	Domestic Felicity, farce, 1 act, by Hattie L. Lambla	1	1
60	Driven to the Wall, play, 4 acts, by A. D. Ames	10	3
27	Fetter Lane to Gravesend, ethiopean farce	2	0
13	Give me my Wife, farce, 1 act, by W. E. Suter	3	3
117	Hal Hazard, military drama, 4 acts, by Fred. G. Andrews	8	3
50	How She Has Her Own Way, sketch in 1 act, by Ida M. Buxton	1	3
24	Handy Andy, ethiopean farce, 1 act	2	0
66	Hans, the Dutch J. P., Dutch farce, 1 act, by F. L. Cutler	3	1
116	Hash, farce, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins	4	2
52	Henry Granden, drama, 3 acts, by Frank L. Bingham	11	8
17	Hints on Elocution and how to become an Actor		
103	How Sister P. got Child Baptized, ethiopean farce, 1 act	2	1
76	How He Did It, comic drama, 1 act by John Parry	3	2
74	How to Tame Your Mother-in-law, farce, 1 act, by H. J. Byron	4	2
35	How Stout You're Getting, farce, 1 act, by J. M. Morton	5	2
26	Hunter of the Alps, drama, 1 act, by Wm. Dimond	9	4
47	In the Wrong Box, ethiopian farce, 1 act, by M. A. D. Clifton	3	0
95	In the Wrong Clothes, farce, 1 act	5	3
77	Joe's Visit, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. Leavitt and H. Eagan	2	1
11	John Smith, farce, 1 act, by W. Hancock	5	3
99	Jumbo Jum, farce, 1 act	4	3
82	Killing Time, farce, 1 act	1	1
9	Lady Audley's Secret, drama, 2 acts, by W. E. Suter	6	4
3	Lady of Lyons, drama, 5 acts, by Bulwer	12	5
101	Lost, temperance drama, 3 acts, by F. L. Cutler	6	2
106	Lodgings for Two, comic sketch, 1 act, by F. L. Cutler	3	0
46	Man and Wife, drama, 5 acts, by H. A. Webber	12	7
91	Michael Erle, drama, 2 acts, by Egerton Wilks	8	3
36	Miller of Derwent Water, drama, 3 acts, by E. Fitzball	5	2
88	Mischievous Nigger, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by C. White	4	2
34	Mistletoe Bough, melodrama, 2 acts, by C. Somerset	7	3

☞ Catalogue continued on next page of cover. ☜

MATRIMONIAL BLISS,

A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE,

By IDA M. BUXTON,

— AUTHOR OF —

How She Has Her Own Way; The Census Taker; A Sewing Circle of the Period; How He Popped the Question; Tit for Tat; Our Awful Aunt; Why they Joined the Rebeccas; etc.

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MATRIMONIAL BLISS.

Cast of Characters as performed at Temperance Hall, Woonsocket, R. I., March 8, 1872.

Mr. Brown,..... *Mr. Wilfred H. Flye.*
Mrs. Brown, ... *Miss Ida M. Buxton.*

Time—the Present.

Place—Anywhere.

Time in representation twenty minutes.

MATRIMONIAL BLISS.

—o—

SCENE—Nicely furnished sitting room.

Enter Brown, R.

Mr. B. Just as I expected! Nobody at home, the fire all out and no signs of any supper. Confound it all, I won't stand this any longer; after working hard all day, a man naturally likes a comfortable home to go to, and a good square meal awaiting him, but this coming to a deserted house and finding everything at sixes and sevens is enough to provoke the righteous indignation of a veritable saint. O, you jolly old bachelors, I envy you your free and easy life! Yet there was a time when I didn't, and happy days those were, everything about the house was cheery, and Maria so kind and attentive, but ever since this Woman's Rights business has been going on, she has been an altered woman; but I've put up with the nonsense long enough, now I will insist upon having my rights respected.

Enter Mrs. Brown, R.

Mrs. B. What, you home so early my dear?

Mr. B. (*with sarcasm*) Yes, my dear; after my day's labor is ended where should I be but at home? If I followed your example I should be gadding about town, nineteen hours out of twenty-four, paying little attention to home.

Mrs. B. Thomas, how can you be so cruel! You know no woman in the world, thinks more of her home and family than I.

Mr. B. I dare say. You certainly displayed extraordinary maternal anxiety yesterday, when you ran over to Mrs. Hilton's to denounce the oppression of your sex; when I came home, Johnny had upset a pail of

soft soap on the parlor carpet, and was mopping it up with your best silk gown.

Mrs. B. Well, accidents will happen in the best regulated of families, and nothing of the kind ever occured before.

Mr. B. O, no, I didn't come home the other day, to find he had filled my best silk hat with molasess, and was in the act of banging the baby's hair with a razor, did I?

Mrs. B. That was all your fault, you should have put your hat and shaving case out of his reach.

Mr. B. Indeed! Well, what should I do when I come home and find the dinner burned to a coal!

Mrs. B. Shall I never hear the last of that? It is over a month since I burned that dinner. You keep a very good memorandum of every little, tiny thing I do, but you never look to your own short-comings; I would like to know—

Mr. B. I would like to know, how much longer this sort of business is to last. I am tired and disgusted with the whole proceeding. Woman's Rights from sunrise until sunset; you can't hear, see or think of anything else. Every step you take you run across Woman's Rights Conventions, and not an inch of bill board from one end of town to the other, but is covered with their hideous posters. I should think it was about time some one said something abouts the rights of married men. You can tell the husband of a Woman's Rights advocate as soon as you see him, the signs are infallible; he has a half-starved expression in his face, his clothes are always minus buttons, his whole appearance plainly shows that his wife considers his comfort of far less importance than her political aspirations.

Mrs. B. You think we women should be content with a life of household drudgery, and never have an aspiration beyond boiling cabbage and frying doughnuts, but the time has come when women have awakened to a realization of their proper sphere, and while we are willing to preform every duty we protest against being slaves.

Mr. B. Slaves, indeed! You are deprived of freedom, that's a fact; it is a wonder these women don't come in a body, and rescue you from your terrible bondage.

Mrs. B. You are wasting your sarcasm, sir. The efforts of you men to cast ridicule upon our noble cause are in vain; under our present leadership and system, we are sure to win our legal rights.

Mr. B. Rights, rights! O thunder, how I hate that word. You seem to think you already have the right to drive everybody crazy with your infernal sufferage theories, and continually neglect your house in every manner possible.

Mrs. B. I defy you to prove that accusation. I think I am as particular about my house, as any woman in town. There are matters however, too trivial for the notice of noble-minded, patriotic women, who have souls above the petty trials of every-day life.

Mr. B. Souls, indeed! Well, madam, my stockings have no soles; I haven't a pair to my name but has holes in them big enough for a mammoth cave, and not a shirt with a button on, do you hear that Maria?

Mrs. B. Certainly; you are speaking loud enough for the whole neighborhood to hear. You needn't make so much fuss about your apparel. I intended to have mended the articles yesterday, but I really forgot them.

Mr. B. Forgot them, did you? But you didn't forget to ferret out that old snap-dragon some where on tumble-down lane, who has made herself ridiculous by refusing to pay taxes, until she is allowed to vote; you didn't forget to run all over town, to enlist people in her cause, did you?

Mrs. B. Now Thomas Brown, you know, if ever a woman was ill-treated and unjustly taxed its Mercy Tallman, and I am sure some one ought to intercede in her behalf, this paying taxes—

Mr. B. What do women know about paying taxes, I'd like to inquire?

Mrs. B. We know when our sex is abused by law, and how to resent it also.

Mr. B. What are the few paltry dollars of tax, Mercy Tallman ought to pay the community, in comparison with the tax which we husbands of Woman's Rights advocates have to endure! The tax on our patience, our temper and our purse until we are fairly driven wild, and frequently, wish that the woman who invented the outrageous plan had been struck by lightning before she could have expressed them. I'm nearly beside myself; I've three minds to pack my trunk and emigrate to some country where such ideas were never dreamed of.

Mrs. B. If this storm is to continue I shall bid you a hearty farewell, and believe that ere you have been long in that country the inhabitants will be emigrating to some region, where Thomas Brown's temper was never dreamed of.

Mr. B. Really, how sarcastic we are! May I ask if you have found that order book you mislaid the other day, I need it sadly at the office.

Mrs. B. No, not yet; I have had no time to look for it.

Mr. B. No time! Of course not. But you have plenty of time to run here and there, in and out, up and down, through every street, lane, alley and avenue in town, with a petition half a mile long, praying the legislature to look with merciful eyes upon the sorrows of women, and bestow upon them the rights of ballot, but if I want anything you have no time.

Mrs. B. There Thomas Brown, I have endured your insolence long enough. (*sobbing*) If there ever was an ill-treated, unappreciated woman in this wide world it is myself. When I am in my grave, you will bitterly repent your unkindness and realize the worth of the lost.

Mr. B. Now Maria, there's no use in getting sentimental, you needn't go to sniffling, for tears have no effect upon a man who is half-starved and just at present asks no greater blessing than a good square meal.

Mrs. B. There you go again. You think of nothing but victuals and drink, and seem to imagine my sole duty is to devise fresh delicacies for your palate. O, I am tired of this life, fault-finding from morning till night all the year round.

Mr. B. You are no more tired of it than I am, and for the last time, I tell you I will endure your conduct no longer; unless you can attend to your house, I will leave it and gladly give you and your Woman's Rights

friend full possession. But as there are no signs of procuring any supper in this house, I will follow my usual custom and go down to the restaurant, leaving you at liberty to canvass for Mrs. Rogers, whom you wish to nominate for the next President, or ponder on the eligibility of Mrs. Smithers to the position of Chief of Police, both questions of vast importance to the nation. *(exit,* L.

Mrs. B. The cross old bear! I am glad he is gone, now I shan't have to bother about any supper, and as the children are asleep, I will take my sewing and run over to Mrs. Wheelock's to discuss the movements of our last Convention.

CURTAIN.

THE LATEST NEW PLAY!

JUST ISSUED AND NOW READY.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

HAL HAZARD,

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A Military Drama of the late war of the Rebellion, in four acts, by

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This drama is a great success, and is published now for the first time, from the author's original manuscript. There has been a demand for a play which could be used by Grand Army Posts, Military Companies, etc., which would be effective, and yet not difficult to represent. This want Hal Hazard will supply.

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We think those who order and produce this play will be more than pleased. Address your orders to

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RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

An entirely new and original Nautical and Temperance Drama, by the Amateur's favorite author, W. Henri Wilkins, entitled

THE TURN OF THE TIDE,

OR

WRECKED IN PORT.

There is no doubt but Mr. Wilkins is at this time the most popular writer of plays for Amateur Dramatic Companies in the United States, if not in the world. He is the author of Rock Allen the Orphan, Three Glasses a Day, The Reward of Crime, Mother's Fool, The Coming Man, etc., all of which have been produced by nearly all amateur companies in the United States and Canada. We take much pleasure in presenting now his latest and best drama as above, knowing that it will invariably suit all who purchase it. The characters embrace an old man, 1st. and 2d leading men, villain, two ruffians, and a 'nigger' who is very funny. Those who have produced 'Out in the Streets' will find 'Pepper' in this play, fully as funny as 'Pete' in that. Female characters are a fault-finding old woman, leading, juvenile, and a splendid comedy. The plot is simple, and yet very effective. The serious portions are balanced by the comedy ones, indeed it is the drama Amateurs want. See synopsis below. Price 15c each. Send one cent postage stamps if possible, or 2s and 3s.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT FIRST.—The fisherman's home—reminiscences of the wreck. The gathering storm—Reference to the money—Entrance of the Pirate—Aunt Becky expresses her opinion of him—Pepper tells his story—The sunset gun—The storm breaks—Susie's secret—Pepper struck by lightning—A signal of distress on the water—Clyde's proposal—"I have the power"—Lillian's secret—"Why can't I die! He has forfeited all claims to honor or respect, and hopelessly cast me off, yet notwithstanding all this, I love him."—Entrance of Clyde, "You here! Begone and let your lips be sealed, or I'll cut out your quivering heart and throw it to the fishes who sport in yonder deep"—Clyde's soliloquy "Ah, Capt. St. Morris, a fig for your gilded castles built on air."—The pirates rob the house.

ACT SECOND,—Frisky's communings—She and Pepper have a little falling out—Pepper's pursuit of knowledge under the table—Clyde shows his colors and plays his first card, "Then my answer must be 'yes,' though it break the heart of my child."—The old man tries to drown his sorrow—Pepper goes for clams—Entrance of Lillian, "Yes, pirate though you are, and chieftain of the hunted crew, I love you still! The time will come when you will find I am the truest friend you ever had."—Aunt Becky relieves herself of a few ideas and Pepper gives her a few more—The old fisherman falls a victim to Intemperance, and Aunt Becky expresses her opinion of "sich doins."—The meeting of Clyde and St. Morris—The combat—Death of Clyde, "Oh, Heaven! I am his wife."—Tableau.

ACT THIRD.—One year later—Company expected—Pepper has a "werry curis" dream—Capt. St. Morris relates a story to Susie—Love-making interrupted by the old fisherman—His resolution to reform—Aunt Becky thinks she is 'slurred.'—Lillian communes with her own thoughts—The Colonel arrives—Pepper takes him in charge and relates a wonderful whaling story—Restoration of the stolen money—"The same face, Heavens! I cannot be mistaken." "It's all out."—The Colonel finds a daughter—He tells the story of his escape from the wreck—Old friends meet—The Colonel's proposal and acceptance. "Bress de Lawd."—Happy ending, with song and chorus.—"WAIT FOR THE TURN OF THE TIDE."

AMES' PLAYS—Continued.

NO.		M.	F.
69	Mother's Fool, farce, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins	6	1
1	Mr. & Mrs. Pringle, farce, 1 act, by Don T. De Treuba Cosio	7	2
23	My Heart's in the Highlands, farce, 1 act	4	3
32	My Wife's Relations, comedietta, 1 act, by Walter Gordon	4	4
90	No Cure No Pay, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by G. W. H Griffin	3	1
61	Not as Deaf as He Seems, Ethiopian farce, 1 act	2	0
37	Not so Bad After All, comedy, 3 acts, by Wybert Reeve	6	5
44	Obedience, comedietta, 1 act, by Hattie L. Lambla	1	2
81	Old Phil's Birthday, drama, 2 acts, by J. P. Wooler	5	2
33	On the Sly, farce, 1 act, by John Madison Morton	3	2
109	Other People's Children, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. N. Field	3	2
126	Our Daughters, society comedy, 4 acts, by Fred L. Greenwood	8	6
85	Ontcast's Wife, drama, 3 acts, by Colin H. Hazelwood	12	3
83	Out on the World, drama, 3 acts	5	4
53	Out in the Streets, temperance drama, 3 acts, by S. N. Cook	6	1
57	Paddy Miles' Boy, Irish farce, 1 act, by James Pilgrim	5	2
29	Painter of Ghent, play, 1 act, by Douglass Jerrold	5	2
114	Passions, comedy, 4 acts by F. Marmaduke Dey	8	4
18	Poacher's Doom, domestic drama, 3 acts, by A. D. Ames	8	3
51	Rescued, temperance drama, 2 acts, by C. H. Gilbert	5	3
110	Reverses, domestic drama, 5 acts, by A. Newton Field	12	6
45	Rock Allen the orphan, drama, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins	5	3
96	Rooms to Let without Board, Ethiopian farce, 1 act	2	1
59	Saved, temperance sketch, 1 act, by Edwin Tardy	2	3
48	Schnaps, Dutch farce, 1 act, by M. A. D. Clifton	1	1
107	School, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field	5	0
115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore, burlesque, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins	5	3
55	Somebody's Nobody, farce, 1 act, by C. A. Maltby	3	2
91	Sixteen Thousand Years Ago, Ethiopian farce, 1 act	3	0
25	Sport with a Sportsman, Ethiopian farce, 1 act	2	0
97	Spy of Atlanta, military allegory, 6 acts, by A. D. Ames, 25 cents	11	3
92	Stage Struck Darkey, Ethiopian farce, 1 act	2	1
10	Stocks Up, Stocks Down, Ethiopian farce, 1 act	2	0
62	Ten Nights in a Bar Room, temperance drama, 5 acts	7	3
64	That Boy Sam, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by F. L. Cutler	3	1
40	That Mysterious Bundle, farce, 1 act, by H. L. Lambla	2	2
38	The Bewitched Closet, sketch, 1 act, by H. L. Lambla	5	2
87	The Biter Bit, comedy, 2 acts, by Barham Livius	5	2
101	The Coming Man, farce, 1 act, by W. Henri Wilkins	3	1
67	The False Friend, drama, 2 acts, by George S. Vautrot	6	1
97	The Fatal Flow, melodrama, 2 acts, by Edward Fitzball	7	1
119	The Forty-Niners, or The Pioneer's Daughter, border drama, 5 acts, by T. W. Hanshew	10	4
93	The Gentleman in Black, drama, 2 acts, by W. H. Murray	9	4
112	The New Magdalen, drama, pro. 3 acts, by A. Newton Field	8	3
118	The Popcorn Man, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field	3	1
71	The Reward of Crime, drama, 2 acts, by W. Henri Wilkins	5	3
16	The Serf, tragedy, 5 acts, by R. Talbot	6	3
68	The Sham Professor, farce, 1 act, by F. L. Cutler	4	0
6	The Studio, Ethiopian farce, 1 act	3	0
102	Turn of the Tide, temperance drama, 3 acts, by W. Henri Wilkins	7	4
54	The Two T. J's, farce, 1 act, by Martin Beecher	4	2
7	The Vow of the Ornani, drama, 3 acts, by J. N. Gotthold	8	1
28	Thirty-three next Birthday, farce, 1 act, by M. Morton	4	3
108	Those Awful Boys, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field	5	0
63	Three Glasses a Day, temperance drama, 2 acts, W. Henri Wilkins	4	2
105	Through Snow and Sunshine, drama, 5 acts	6	4
4	Twain's Dodging, Ethiopian farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field	3	1
5	When Women Weep, comedietta, 1 act, by J. N. Gotthold	3	2
56	Wooing Under Difficulties, farce, 1 act, by J. T. Douglass	4	3
41	Won at Last, comedy drama, 3 acts, by Wybert Reeve	7	3
70	Which will he Marry, farce, 1 act, by Thomas E. Wilks	2	8
58	Wrecked, temperance drama, 2 acts, by A. D. Ames	9	3
111	Yankee Duelist, farce, 1 act, by A. Newton Field	2	2

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A Health to Our Hostess. A male [illegible] by W. H. Spangler, Jr., Music by F. O. Wilson. This excellent quartette is sure to please those who order it, can be sung in costume, or used for a concert piece. Price 40 cents.

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New Years in New York; or the German Baron. An original Comedy, in two acts, by W. H. Spangler, Jr. 7 male, and 6 females. We believe this to be one of the best modern comedies ever written. There is a great variety of characters, each one entirely different from all the others. The Dutchman is simply immense, and every speech is the signal for a laugh. If you have never read this play, it will pay you to order a a copy.

The Hidden Treasures. A drama in a prologue and four acts by Zella Careo, 4 male and 2 female characters. Amateurs will find this a capital play for their use, and if looking for something suitable will not be disappointed. Time of performance, 1 and 3-4 hours.

Wanted a Husband. A Dutch Sketch in 1 scene, by F. L. Cutler, 2 male, 1 female. Very funny. Time 20 minutes.

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